

The Millheim Journal,  
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
R. A. BUMILLER.  
Office in the New Journal Building,  
Penn St., near Hartman's foundry.  
\$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE,  
OR \$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.  
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# The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

Terms, \$1.00 per Year, in Advance.

VOL. 60.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 19., 1886.

NO. 32.

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## HOW TO ECONOMIZE.

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

'Why is it so difficult to economize?' 'The wrinkles of Mrs. Lorton's brow were very deep, and it was with an air of weariness amounting almost to despair that she laid down the pencil wherewith she had been checking off a series of accounts.

Aunt Abby lifted her eyes from the stocking which she had been darning with such exquisite neatness, and gazed sympathetically at her distressed friend.

'I am afraid you don't quite know how.' Mrs. Lorton looked astonished and we girls, who were spending the holidays with our friend, wondered also what the little lady could possibly mean.

'Don't you know?' Political economy, I am willing to admit, is a most difficult science; but I did not fancy that domestic economy involved anything deeper than self-denial and the avoidance of unnecessary expenditure.

Aunt Abby smiled. 'It may seem that way in the beginning; but I really doubt if there is any part of our daily living that requires more tact, judgment, and experience than this same business of economizing successfully.'

'The results of my last year's work incline me to suspect something of the same kind,' sighed Mrs. Lorton. 'I clearly must have made a great many mistakes somewhere, but just where I am at a loss to discover. I certainly have tried very hard, and have done without a great many things I used to think quite necessary to the comfort and happiness of the household; yet here the figures are, and really the sum total is very little less than it was a year ago, when our income was so much larger.'

Mrs. Lorton looked thoroughly discouraged. We who admired her so much and took such pleasure in the intimate friendship to which she had admitted us, sympathized with her most thoroughly. She evidently saw how we felt from the expression of our faces, for she turned to us laughingly and said:

'You young ladies must be very much interested in my financial troubles. It is too bad to entertain you with my lamentations over these unruly ends that seem to require such an undue amount of stretching in order to meet.'

We hastened to reply that anything which concerned her could not fail to interest us, when Aunt Abby (a relative, it should have been explained, of Mrs. Lorton's husband, a gentle little lady whose life had been spent in a distant city) riveted our attention at once by saying:

'I was just about the age of these young ladies when I first made acquaintance with what I am now inclined to call the science of domestic economy, though, like you, when I first found myself under the necessity of mastering it, I thought there was little in it, save doing without many things I was accustomed to, and bearing the discomfort as heroically as possible.'

'Well,' smiled Mrs. Lorton, 'what are the great underlying principles (is not that the phrase?), also the processes whereby we are to arrive at practical results, namely, the bringing of our expenses within my husband's means?'

'Well,' echoed Aunt Abby, 'one of the leading principles is the abandonment of the velvet cloak I saw you working at so industriously this morning, and all garments of a similar character.'

'What can you mean? Why, I have worn that cloak two winters, and now I have put new sleeves in it, and it is quite as good as new. Surely nothing could be more economical than that. Why, I take immense credit to myself for that performance.'

'Precisely. It would have been very extravagant to give or throw the cloak away. You would have blamed yourself greatly, would you not?'

'Of course I should.'

'Well, let us emulate the famous cow, and consider.' The cloak is of Lyons velvet; the new sleeves required a yard of the same material, costing \$10. The cloak now is 'quite as good as new'; but new or old, it can only be worn in fair weather. There must be a cheaper one to 'save it.' Again, this velvet cloak requires a handsome dress under it, and a cheap bonnet would be quite incompatible with it. You require, therefore, to complete the operative process resulting from the underlying principle of this velvet cloak, the repairing of which was such an economical measure, an expenditure of anywhere from \$50 to \$100 to produce the harmony in your toilet which your cultivated taste demands, and perhaps \$50 more for another suit in which to go out on cloudy days, to wear shop-

ping, and for all the ordinary, commonplace business of life. Would it not, then, have been much more economical to let the velvet cloak go, and purchase a substantial cloth one, trimmed with fur, we will say, so that it shall be handsome enough for visiting, suitable for church, not too frail to stand a sprinkle of rain, and requiring to go with it nothing more elaborate than a well made cashmere dress and a tasteful bonnet of felt, or some material as enduring?'

Aunt Abby paused, and, following her suggestion, we all emulated the cow and 'considered.' Mrs. Lorton's wrinkled forehead relaxed, and after a few moments she broke into a merry laugh.

'Why did you not read me that lecture a week ago? I believe that is the way in which I have been 'economizing' the whole of this past year.'

'I have no doubt of it. It is the way in which every one begins, I fancy.'

Aunt Abby amused us for the next half-hour with merry stories of the things she had bought to match other things in her early days of economizing, and Bella and I thought guiltily of some elaborate gauze overdresses, broad sashes, and expensive artificial flowers which we had recently purchased with a view to arranging some cheap evening toilets over two old silk skirts.'

'I believe I have been doing the same thing with the children,' sighed Mrs. Lorton.

'I believe you have,' smiled her friend, 'for only last Sunday I heard Jenny tell her sister, very gravely, that mamma was going to lengthen her blue silk by putting on a new blouse.'

'That was my plan.'

'Yes, and then the blue silk would demand a plush jacket, and that would call for a bonnet with ostrich plumes, or some other bit of frail magnificence. What shall I put on the girls?'

'Two pretty tailor made suits.'

'And waste the silk frocks because they are a trifle short?'

'Decidedly, or else they will waste a great deal of money, and the children be left without any suitable serviceable garments for half the occasions on which they wish to go out.'

Aunt Abby was growing very eloquent with her theme.

'I think,' she said, 'that a great many of the worries, the wrinkles, and gray hairs that vex the days and destroy the beauty of our American matrons grow out of this very want of harmony and arrangement in our domestic affairs. Wealth has been bestowed so lavishly upon American people in the past; we have enjoyed so much luxury, and gratified our tastes and longings so habitually, that as a nation we know very little of domestic economy. To use a rather vulgar saying, if we economize anywhere we are apt to 'save at the spigot and let out at the bung.' We are wasteful in our kitchens, extravagant in our wardrobes, and careless of our furniture. Our attempts at saving when the necessity comes suddenly upon us are apt to be violent and spasmodic, and productive of very small results.'

Aunt Abby smiled suddenly. 'I remember one instance,' she went on, in explanation of her amused expression, 'when I proclaimed to my father, whose household was the scene of my early experiments in domestic economy, that for the last three months I had not spent but fifty cents a day for food, and with a household of six.'

'Well, and what have you now in the house in the way of provision?' he inquired, mildly. What had I? I investigated my closets, and found—well an empty flour barrel, an empty sugar barrel, a butter firkin with scarcely a pound of butter in it, no rice, no soap, no starch, no potatoes, no coffee, no tea. In fact, I had simply gone on exhausting our supplies until everything had to be bought at once. My fifty cents per day had simply paid for milk, meat, vegetables, and such things as must be purchased day by day. I shall never forget the mild glance of inquiry wherewith my patient parent went over my accounts, which read, 'January, February, March, \$15 per month; April, \$65.' Our income was a very small one, and for some time I had to endure the impatience of tradesmen who kept asking 'when I would please settle that little bill?'

'Another of my mistaken fancies,' Aunt Abby proceeded, 'was in regard to laundry work. What is so pretty about a house as white curtains, fine toilet tables with white muslin drapery, and so on? And the muslin 'costs so little.' Alas, yes! But when the bill of one dollar for each window comes in from some Celestial, and Ah Wang, or Chu Wai, or Lang Fu shakes his long queue and 'mus habeo him monee,' then one begins to realize what luxuries these pure white hangings are.

'Another point where economy is apt to press sorely in is the entertainment of one's friends. One does so long to give them something a little better

than the ordinary fare, some one dainty dish to do them honor and to show what an accomplished housekeeper and cook presides over the table! But when that dainty dish must be shared by all at the table, those terrible bills will show it if the luxury is often indulged in.'

'But one must entertain one's friends.'

'Indeed one must. But then, if we reflect that it is our affection for our selves, and not their appreciation of our cuisine, that brings them, we shall feel solicitude about producing any culinary triumphs for their delectation.'

'But, Aunt Abby,' sighed Mrs. Lorton, 'would not life be very dreary with only brown stuff dresses, bare windows, and a diet of roast beef and cottage puddings?'

'No I think not. Luxuries cease to be pleasures when they bring care and worry as how they are to be paid for with them. Besides, there can be a great deal of variety in the stuff dresses; all drapery does not require semi-annual refreshing in the laundry; beef and cottage pudding are but two of the healthy, nourishing, and inexpensive varieties of food our markets provide.'

'But I must finish my sermon. It is getting too long, and only that my audience is too polite to yawn, they would certainly do so. I will simply 'sum up,' as old fashioned ministers used to say at the conclusion of 'eightily.' If you want to 'economize, think well whether the thing you propose to do will not, in addition to the original expenditure, bring with it a train of expensive consequences. Remember that nothing is cheap if it is not durable. Do not fancy that you are economizing if you are simply using up supplies that must be renewed at some time. Remember that in living beyond your income you harass yourself much more than you impress others.'

'There, good people,' laughed Aunt Abby as she gathered up her knitting, 'you have results of a great many severe lessons that I once learned in a very severe school.'

**Common Sense and Common Sleep.**

Excitement, worry and anxiety, which have their seat in the brain, interfere with the functions of the stomach, and in like manner anything that unduly taxes the power of or irritates the stomach disorders the circulation and nutrition of the brain. The sleeplessness often complained of by gouty persons is due to the poisonous effect of the morbid material upon the nervous system. Excessive smoking, too much alcohol, tea and coffee, often resorted to by over-worked persons, are frequent causes of sleeplessness. In all these cases the cause is removable, while the effect may be counteracted by appropriate treatment. Nothing is more mischievous, however, than to continue the habits and to have recourse to drugs to combat the effects. A due amount of exercise tends to induce normal sleep, and such exercise need not be of a violent character. A walk of two or three miles daily is sufficient and is, perhaps, as much as a busy man can find time for. A ride on horseback, the Palmerston cure for gout, is probably the best form of exercise for those whose minds are constantly at work. It has been well said that a man must come out of himself when in the saddle; he is forced to attend to his horse and to notice the objects he meets. Walking may be a merely automatic process, and afford little, if any, relief to the mind, and carriage exercise may be practically valueless if the mind is not diverted from what had previously occupied it.

**A Midnight Battle with a Panther.**

From the Nashville Union.

A few days since John McAtee, a prominent mountaineer of West Virginia, started from a neighbor's residence at nightfall for his home, several miles off. The path he followed led through thick woodlands. It had grown intensely dark and he was stumbling along the path when his blood curdled at the horrible scream of a panther, apparently some distance away. He hesitated to retrace his steps, when the scream was heard again, this time much closer. McAtee realized that the beast was on his trail, and drawing a large sheath knife, the only weapon he carried, he boldly pushed forward. He had traversed perhaps two hundred yards when the cracking of twigs in a low tree a few yards ahead attracted his attention. Looking up he saw two frightful balls of fire glaring at him. The next moment the beast sprang upon him. A bloody battle took place, in which the panther was killed and the man badly wounded. The beast measured eight feet.

## MR. TILDEN'S WILL.

Leaving an Estate of \$5,000,000—Two-thirds for Public Institutions.

The will of Samuel J. Tilden was read to the heirs at Greystone. He bequeathed the bulk of his property to public uses, but he was not unmindful of his relatives. The value of his estate is closely estimated at \$5,000,000, and outside of Greystone and the Gramercy Park (New York city) property, it is nearly all in personal property. The amount bequeathed for the establishment of public buildings is fully \$4,000,000, and the disposition of this money is left absolutely in the direction of three trustees, whom he names—John Bigelow, Andrew H. Green and George W. Smith. Mr. Smith has been with Mr. Tilden for twenty years, and was his confidential Secretary and the general manager of his estate.

Mr. Tilden provides liberally for his relatives. To Mrs. Pelton, his sister, he gives the house in which he resides, 38 West Thirty-eighth street, and the income of \$100,000. For each of the other relatives he sets aside a certain sum to be held in trust by the executors, to be paid to them during their lives, they, however, to have power to dispose of the principal at death. All the rest of his property, Greystone and the Gramercy Park residence included, is left in trust to the trustees, who are also executors, to be applied to several public uses. They have absolute power to do, or not to do, as he suggests in the will. All details are left entirely in their discretion, except in one point—the outside limit is fixed in each case.

The will provides for a free public library and reading room in New Lebanon, and another free library and reading room in Yonkers. These are small things compared to the next suggestion of Mr. Tilden, which provides for a grand free library in New York, at a cost probably of more than three millions for establishment and endowment. Nothing is said about the fine library now in the Gramercy Park house, the disposition of that being a detail left to the discretion of the trustees. No specific disposition is made of any part of the property except in the case of Mrs. Pelton. The will provides that if the trustees decide not to establish the library they may use the money for any other charitable or educational institution that they may prefer. They may also use any surplus funds in this manner.

A large number of small bequests are made to servants and friends.

**HE SEES.**

A little girl of nine summers came to ask her pastor about joining the church. She had been living a Christian for several months, had been properly taught and answered the usual questions promptly and properly. At last the pastor said:

'Nellie does your father think you are a Christian?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Have you told him?'

'No, sir.'

'How then does he know?'

'He sees.'

'Sees what?'

'Sees I am a Christian, sir.'

'How does he see that?'

'Sees I am a better girl.'

'What else does he see?'

'Sees I love to read my Bible and to pray.'

'Then you think he sees you are a Christian?'

'I know he does; he can't help it,' and with a modest, happy boldness she was sure her father knew she was a Christian because he could not help seeing it in her life. Is not such the privilege of all God's people, to be sure that others see they are following Christ?'

We remember hearing of a poor hard working man whose fellow-laborers laughed at him, told him he was deceived and pressed him with difficult questions. At last in the desperation of his heart he said 'I am a saved man. Go ask my wife if I am not. She sees I am.'

This is what Christ meant by being witness and lights in the world. Not only orthodox of faith and boldness of confession, but a manner of life which, even without spoken words, testifies of a new life and love.

This is the best evidence of our religion. When those who work with us in the mill or store or on the farm see that we are living a new life, then our words have power. This is the privilege of everyone. We may be rich or educated or eloquent, and hence not able to give much or teach much or speak much; but we can live much, and good living is the best giving, the best teaching, the best eloquence. The poorest, the most ignorant, and the youngest can cause people to see they are changed. They can prove the reality of their conversion.

## My Friend, the Major.

A MAN WHOM EVERYBODY LIKES.

'To Make Himself Felt' Was the Scheme of His Life.

Do you know my friend, the Major? He is a rare bird. He is an optimist on principle, and a liar because he can't help it. To know the Major is a liberal education, at least so far as the fine art of prevarication is concerned. The Major first attracted my attention during the war. He was exempted from service on account of some slight disability, but as soon as hostilities opened he announced his intention of joining the army. He made no secret of his determination even to strangers. Whenever he saw a crowd of able-bodied young men he would introduce himself, congratulate them upon their manifest abilities to serve their country in the field, and wind up with the statement that, although a cripple himself, he did not propose to be cheated out of his share of the glory, and was then making his arrangements to go to the front.

The effect of this kind of talk can be imagined. In those days everybody was patriotic or nothing. Many a timid man was made so ashamed of himself by the Major's devotion to the Confederacy that he precipitately volunteered and marched off with a musket on his shoulder. All through sixty-one and sixty-two this gallant patriot gave himself up to his work. Finally it began to dawn upon us that he was losing a good deal of time, and missed all the fighting right straight along. Something of the sort was hinted to him, but he promptly silenced all criticism. He had been delayed by so many things he said. First, he had intended to join Col. Blank's regiment, but the Colonel was killed, and that caused him to change his plans. He had found it difficult to decide between the infantry, cavalry and artillery branches of the service. He had also thought of the navy, and at that very time was waiting to hear from a certain admiral, who was an old friend.

After hearing these voluble explanations, men would wink significantly at each other, but they kept their suspicions to themselves. It was useless to make war on the Major. He was hand in glove with the authorities, and the women were all on his side. The sacrifice which he proposed to make in going into the army in spite of his exemption stirred the feminine heart, and so much was said about it that scores of men less fit for duty than the Major found themselves unable to stand the pressure. They rushed off to the army but the Major still lingered at home.

During the siege of Atlanta, my old friend made himself very useful, and I think hurried up matters not a little. He attached himself to a flag of truce party one day, and although present as a citizen, he wore an officer's coat. He strolled about, got left by his party, and was picked up by the Federals as a spy. He was so defiant, so voluble and so bright that he was carried before Gen. Sherman. In the presence of this terrible commander the Major did not abate one jot of his natural dignity. He explained his position satisfactorily, and in response to the questions put to him said that Atlanta was defended by 60,000 men; that Gen. Wood had 200 big guns, unlimited ammunition, and all the supplies he needed. The garrison, he said, would be reinforced by 40,000 militia from the South Atlantic States inside of ten days. To make him stop his everlasting jaw, Sherman ordered him to be escorted to the Confederate lines.

As soon as the Major got back to the city, he was interviewed by everybody from Gen. Hood down to the newboys. To all these searchers after truth the Major was gracious and communicative. He said that Sherman's force, at a moderate estimate, amounted to 140,000 men, and 50,000 more were on the way. He had seen 300 heavy siege guns placed in position and had learned that it was the programme to open fire on the city with all of them in forty-eight hours. He had also seen a brass band with instruments costing \$40,000. This band had just arrived from Washington and had been sent for to furnish the music when Sherman made his entry into the city.

Looking back to those days I can easily see that the Major's fearful yarns must have driven both Sherman and Hood nearly crazy. Both generals made some very eccentric movements soon afterwards, and my old friend was doubtless responsible for the whole business. After losing sight of this amiable personage for nearly a score of years, I found him some time ago comfortably established in a small town, not a hundred miles from here. Time had dealt gently with him. He was rotund and rosy, and his face wore a perpetual smile. I accepted an invitation to ride with him into the country, and on our trip I learned still more about the man. We passed a farm near all hillsides, but with a narrow strip of bottom land. The corn on the hillside was stunted and worthless, but in

the bottom it was very fine. Stopping suddenly in the road, the Major hailed the farmer, a blue, hopeless-looking man.

'Say, Jones,' he shouted, 'that's mighty fine corn in the bottom.'

'Yes, it's tolerable,' was the desponding reply.

'Tolerable ain't no name for it,' said my companion. 'There ain't no fluer corn in the country. I always did tell those town fellows that what you didn't know about farming war'n't worth knowing.'

The gloomy Jones smiled with evident pleasure.

'It's my opinion,' continued the Major thoughtfully, 'that you will soon have the best paying farm of its size in the country. Just keep up the lick, you know.'

And, with a cherry smile and a wave of the hand, he drove off.

Turning to me, he said:

'Now, I talk that way on principle. Why call Jones' attention to his hillside corn? Poor fellow! He looks at that too much anyhow. I made him look on the bright side of things, and whooped him up. That's the way to do it.'

Throughout our ride this rosy, smiling old man stopped every man, woman and child, and gave them just such a racket as he had given Jones, suiting his talk to the varying circumstances of each case.

On our return to town I could not help noticing that the Major's encouraging words had already produced an effect. At many of the farm houses the women folks had been told by their husbands of what had occurred. They looked upon us smiling from their doorways, and at several places little children were sent to waylay us with fruit and buckets of cold spring water. Even at the cottage of the despondent Jones we saw that gloomy individual laughing in high glee and chucking his wife under the chin.

'Jones will come out all right,' said the Major with a grin, 'if not this year, then some other year.'

Naturally I asked the Major how he was getting along.

'Splendidly,' was the answer. 'I've made about \$40,000 since I came here, and I'll clear \$50,000 this year.'

He said much more, but these figures will do. Before leaving the village I had an hour to myself, and improved it by making a few inquiries about the Major. I found that all he had in the world was a place worth a few thousand dollars, and heavily mortgaged. I found, too, that he made only a bare living. He must have known that I would learn the utter falsity of his statements, but his old habit of lying was irresistible. One thing struck me. Every man in the town stood up for the Major.

'He'll never pay out of debt,' said one, 'but that makes no difference. Nobody's going to press him.'

'You like him?' said I.

'We love him,' was the answer. 'The Lord don't give us many such men.'

All the testimony was to the same effect. As the train whirled me back to the city my thoughts were decidedly mixed. I said to myself:

'Here is a cheerful old fraud who can't tell the truth to save his life. He played double during the war. He lives by false pretenses. He is lazy, extravagant, and an old bag of wind. Yet all these people love him. They would fight for him, die for him, and, most incredible of all, they credit him. What is the secret of it all?'

Then I thought of the talk with Jones and the other farmers and their wives. It all flashed upon me in a moment. With all his faults the Major's genuine love for his fellowmen made itself felt. It was invincible, and it won the devoted friendship of the very men who hated his besetting sins. Human sympathy is a wonderful thing. It will win a spontaneous return when everything else fails. We cannot well spare such men as the Major. We need them to whoop up the Joneses.—Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

**Fell Under a Moving Train.**

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Aug. 12.—J. W. Harding met with a miraculous escape from instant death to-day at noon. He was going to take the noon train, Philadelphia and Reading railroad, for Montoursville. He was a little late however, and on reaching the depot found that the train had started. He tried to jump on at the Market St. crossing, but fell and rolled under the wheels of the moving car. The bystanders stood by awe-stricken, but luckily as he fell he doubled up and was not struck or hurt at all. The train was stopped and Mr. Harding was rescued from his perilous position.

—THE NERVOUS, brain-working type of people, such as lawyers, clergymen, business men and students are the principal victims of hay fever. Sufferers may be certain that hay fever does not arise from an impure state of the blood. Local treatment is the only way to cure it. Judging from results, Ely's Cream Balm is the only specific yet discovered.